DORA COYNE; OR, HID IN THE HEART.

BY JESSIE M. E. SAXBY,

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CHAPTER XXII.

"IT IS WHAT WE FEARED."

AFTER leaving the office Kaiser went to the sweet-shop, but it was shut, and a neighbour told him that Nancy Smith had died that morning, and Doctor Webster had said the drains in that part were in a shocking state, etc. On to the doctor's went Kaiser, and asked what had been the matter with Nancy Smith.

"Diphtheria—a very bad case, sir; no proper appliances in Hackleton, most insufficient hospital accommodation, no chance for the girl in such circumstances; and the worst of it is there are many other cases just as bad. The drainage is in a shameful condition, the town is threatened with an epidemic of diphtheria. I mean to call a meeting, and have the matter seen into at once."

That was the gist of Dr. Webster's lengthy remarks, from which our hero found it difficult to remove himself. But when he got away he strode off for a solitary country walk.

Diphtheria! How the word haunted Kaiser! how he shuddered, as he recalled the many harrowing scenes with which that dread word was associated in his mind! Chief of these was Norman Oakley's illness and the death of Mike Jones.

He could not shake off these depressing thoughts, for though they were morbid, to a certain extent they were not unreasonable. He had spoken words of cheer, born of faith, to Dora; but his own fears began to overcome hope, and his soul was beset with a kind of terror on Edmund's account.

Her child, he knew, was the chief joy of Dora's life, the "healing balm" her Heavenly Father had bestowed. He believed firmly that she had conquered her love for himself, and had no regrets on that point; but he had noted *some-*

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thing wanting in her expression which had been there before they parted.

He thought her heart was not altogether filled by the new ties she had formed, and that in Edmund lay her chief refuge from that loneliness of spirit which men and women must feel who have not had their lives completed by a perfect marriage of souls—that mysterious and essential blending of masculine and feminine characteristics which makes husband and wife "two reflex souls, one and yet different."

He did not dare imagine what life would be to Dora without her son, and his large heart went out in passionate prayers to God for them as he strode along a path familiar of old and consecrated to memories of the time when, young lovers, he and Dora had wandered out beneath the sunlit skies and felt a world of happiness lay before them.

Where had that world of happiness vanished? His own act had scattered it to the winds. Well, "we must reap as we sow," said Kaiser to himself, as he wearily returned to the town. "It is in the mercy of God that out of my folly has come my salvation. Yet I would I might learn content."

As if by tacit consent no one of Edmund's little world talked about his visit to the sweet-shop, and each person went on their way without permitting any apprehension to interfere with daily duty or pleasure. Yet almost all kept that unfortunate incident in mind, and every fresh case of diphtheria reported caused his friends a thrill of pain.

And ere many days were gone there was bitter cause for anxiety on the little king's account.

His sunny temper grew fretful; he became languid at times, and again restless and peevish.

Dora's heart misgave her as she watched these symptoms, and Kaiser's fears took shape, as professional experience warned him of what was surely coming.

Edmund had taken a great fancy to the "big man," and would often insist upon remaining on Kaiser's knee when aunts, father, and grandmother were eager to share the honour.

One evening he had been more than usually restless and fretful, but had been soothed in his new friend's arms, and was at last willing to be taken to bed.

"May I carry him upstairs, Lady Coyne?" Kaiser asked, and Dora's heart throbbed as he spoke, for she saw in his face that which warned her of danger at hand.

She followed him in silence till they reached the nursery. Then he said, answering the mute agony in her eyes with a look of deepest sorrow, "I should like to examine his throat; his breathing is not what I like, and you see he puts up his hands as if it pained him."

Edmund was docile in his hands, and the very briefest examination was all that the young doctor made.

"It is as I feared," he said, in a low voice, and put the child in her arms.

She laid him on the bed, and with her hands still around him knelt and prayed. Kaiser looked at them for one moment, then softly left the room, and going back to the others said, "Sir James, I think we should have Dr. Webster here to-night."

The father's face blanched. "Is it—is it—" He could say no more, and Kaiser filled in what he left unsaid. "It is what we feared; no time must be lost in applying remedies."

"Oh, God! and *I* did it." Sir James groaned.

Then the aunts burst forth into lamentation, and all was confusion for a few minutes—all except Kaiser, who took Joe aside and whispered, "*You* know what's wanted; fetch them from the chemist's as quickly as you can, and bring Dr. Webster." A carriage was soon ready to convey Joe into the town, and by that time the family had rallied their composure a little, and were able to go to Dora.

When they reached the nursery they found her sitting with her boy undressed and slumbering heavily on her lap. She lifted her eyes and turned them in appeal to Kaiser; to no one else; and during the days of agony which followed it was still so: when she was not watching Edmund she was looking to Kaiser, with the same dumb and piteous call for help.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LAST RESOURCE.

Dr. Webster came. Dr. Webster was the family physician, and knew his work uncommonly well, but the case was, to all intents and purposes, in Mr. Buist's hands.

"You are just off the irons, as it were," said Dr. Webster to him, with a professional liberality of spirit not so common as one could wish. "I am a bit rusty, of course, and have not seen much of the new treatment in vogue, but I've heard, in medical papers and among good authorities, of Professor MacLearn's practice in this and other diseases, and I am confident our little man cannot be in better hands than your own. I'll help what I can; my experience may be useful. But I defer to you in this case."

So, with the best understanding between them, Dr. Webster stood aside, and Kaiser was set to do battle with Death for Dora's boy.

There was no hesitation, no bewilderment in his action throughout. Thanks to the training of his noble profession, he knew how to control his own feelings, and, what is of as much importance, the feelings of others. He soon, by cheerful words and an air of confidence as to results, instilled hope into the aunties' minds, and kept them employed in concocting dishes which Edmund "might, perhaps, fancy," which his doctor knew he neither could nor should taste.

Sir James was utterly useless at that time. He was stunned. He could only look on, and silently pray God to blot out his transgression and spare his child.

There was no trouble with Dora. She was composed, alert, indefatigable, never leaving Edmund for a moment, ready to smile when he looked up, whispering tender, motherly words to soothe his pain, but seldom speaking to any one else; scarcely conscious of those who came and went about her, except Kaiser, and she was always keenly aware of his presence.

As for the poor sufferer, he was—as most children are when desperately ill—docile and patient. His grandmother declared, "I'd rather see him fidgetty and cross; it's a much better sign. My Joe, who was so good-natured as a boy, used to be a perfect tiger when he took measles or anything of the sort."

Fortunately for all concerned Edmund's illness was brief. In spite of all that could be done the disease spread rapidly, and threatened to baffle skill.

Then came a consultation between the doctors, at which Sir James was present, and his sensations during that interview he never forgot to his dying day.

The three doctors (for we must remember that Joe was "capped," and did credit to the profession) discussed Edmund as calmly as if he were a problem in Euclid, looked at the case from every point, and finally agreed that tracheotomy must be performed. It was the last chance of saving him.

"We require your consent, Sir James," said Dr. Webster to the father, who sat with his head leaning on his hands, and the dew of agony on his face.

"Will it do any good? can he be saved like that?" he asked. "Don't torture him if—if it is—desperate."

"It is desperate, but not hopeless," said Joe.

"And—if—it—fails?"

"We have yet another thing to try," said Kaiser. Then he went nearer, and laid his hand on Sir James's shoulder, and said, "You remember about my friend, Norman Oakley? Trust Edmund to me."

Sir James grasped the hand on his shoulder, but could not speak. Then there was a little more talking between the doctors, and afterwards he heard Kaiser say, "Bring up our instruments, Joe."

They left him alone, and he spent the time of their absence in prayer.

Kaiser walked in front of the others into the nursery, where Dora sat with the child laid on her knees. He had just had a fearful struggle, and was still gasping convulsively, and it seemed as if each breath he drew must be his last.

"Dora," said Kaiser (he had not called her by the old name since they parted till then), "Dora, I'd give my life for his. Give me your child."

She put Edmund in his hands without a word, and allowed Joe to lead her into another room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN HEAVEN THEY NEITHER MARRY NOR ARE GIVEN IN MARRIAGE.

THE moments that ensued seemed like hours. Once she came to the door, but was met by her brother, who said—

"A little longer, Doe. Don't be frightened," and closed the door again.

After a time that seemed to her an age, Dr. Webster came out, and said—

"You can go in now, Lady Coyne. A most successful operation. There is hope for your child now. What a fine man that is, to be sure."

She returned, to find Edmund lying very white, but quiet, breathing through a tube. Kaiser was bending over him, and Joe was looking at Kaiser with something akin to tears in his eyes.

"It's over. The worst is over, Doe. Take heart; we are going to pull him through," her brother whispered, and then Kaiser looked at her and smiled the smile she had known of old, the smile that lived in a sealed chamber of her inmost heart, the smile that had won her young love, the smile that had bound their lives together.

"Come downstairs and have some refreshment, Kaiser," was Joe's next and practical remark, and they went away to find Dr. Webster talking volubly to Sir James about the successful operation, the skill of the young surgeon, his amiability, his promptitude, his wisdom, etc., etc.

That evening all the Falconers (excepting the twins, who were not allowed near The Grange at that time) were gathered in the drawing-room with Sir James and his sisters.

Dora and Kaiser were in the nursery with Dr. Webster and the trained nurse he had brought the day after Edmund took ill. The child was still desperately ill, not out of danger, but there was more room for hope, and as great a need for vigilant watching.

"Tell us, Joe," Mrs. Falconer sobbed, "tell us what you did."

"You know, mother," Robina said, "we heard about that operation. But, Joe, was it necessary with poor Edmund to do what—what Mike Jones did?"

"Yes; and Kaiser did it. Sir James, if the boy lives you owe his life to Kaiser."

"God knows I feel that. God grant he may pass unscathed through the peril he has encountered for our son."

But Kaiser's work was not finished, for twice again he was obliged to use the same method of giving the patient relief which had been applied when the windpipe was first opened. Neither Sir James nor Dora knew that, however; I do not think they would have allowed him to do so a second time; but he took care to dismiss them betimes, and it was not till long afterwards that they learned how quietly and persistently he had risked his life for Edmund's.

And God honoured his sacrifice by giving him the child's life. Can we guess the holy triumph in Kaiser's soul when a day came that he could answer the appeal in Dora's eyes by saying—

"Your child will live."

I think we can comprehend his feelings, for though few of us have done such deeds as his, we yet have laid our little sacrifice of self upon some altar of a broken hope in the belief that such gifts are acceptable before God.

It was at that crisis of affairs that Count von Linckmyer made his appearance once more in Hackleton. He had received Kaiser's letters with utmost satisfaction, and he had hurried to answer them in person, little guessing what a scene he was projecting himself into.

It was left to Robina Falconer to tell him the news. Kaiser had written from Mrs. Falconer's house, and, of course, to that mansion went the Count in search of his nephew, and aghast was he when Robina told him of what Kaiser had done.

"The boy is mad! mad! And he should have remembered he belongs to me, not himself. He is insane to risk his life like that. Bless you, what is a little spoilt monkey's life in comparison with that of my brother Fredrich's son? And I have got a court appointment for him. Promised! actually promised by the Emperor himself. And there is a beautiful young baroness eager to see him, who would fall in love with his blue eyes on the spot. Miss Robina, this is dreadful news to me. I must have him away from there at once. After all, he may not be in such danger as I fear. He is a doctor. Doctors never take diseases like other people do. I daresay I magnify the boy's peril; but he is my sole hope in this world and the next, I think."

So off went the Count like a tornado to Oldham Grange, to find that Kaiser had absented himself that afternoon.

"Where is he?" the impatient old gentleman asked.

"I do not know," said Sir James. "He went for a walk with Dr. Webster, while Joe looks after our patient. Thank God, the danger is over, and my son no longer requires the constant supervision of his doctor."

Just then a note was handed to Sir James, which he read with changing colour and shaking hands, for it was from Kaiser, written with a pencil, and sent from the town hospital:—

"I feel ill; have felt it coming for a few days, so have gone into hospital. When Joe can leave ask him to come to me; but I will not have other visitors. God bless you all."

"Oh, Count, what can I say? Read this."

The Count read, and flung the note on the ground, and swore, and in that and other ways forgot for some minutes that he was a gentleman. But when he grew composed, as his beloved nephew's position looked more and more serious in his sight, he collected his wits, and, after talking to Joe, set out for the hospital with Sir James.

The strain of anxiety and responsibility was removed from Kaiser then, and he had fairly collapsed through fatigue,

illness, and the over-strain through which his heart had passed. He was in bed and dozing dreamily when the gentlemen arrived, and he could scarcely rally his senses all at once to greet them.

"No visitors, you said! I like that!" exclaimed the Count. "You meant to keep me out, did you? No, no, Kaiser. Your old uncle will be head nurse, if you please, and see you through this —— business."

"See me through it! I hope, since you are here, uncle, that you will see me through it, and will see me go in at the gate which leadeth to Life."

"Nonsense, nonsense! you are weak and ill. Come, Sir James, we must be alert, and set about getting him out of this as fast as may be."

"I feel as if I had to go on my knees and ask his pardon," said Sir James, and tears rolled down the strong man's cheeks as he stooped to clasp Kaiser's hands.

"You owe me nothing," whispered he, "nothing. We have been of use to each other, as Christ's disciples should be."

"Who is your doctor?" the Count asked, and on being told Dr. Webster, he growled, "Who's Dr. Webster! what do I know of his capabilities? We must have the best man for this job that can be found."

So he telegraphed for Dr. MacLearn, and the Professor came to give all his powers to the saving of Kaiser's life.

Not satisfied with *his* presence the Count sent to London for another great man. He collected nurses and assistants galore, and was utterly distracted to find that all his efforts were of no avail, for Kaiser, to complete his work, to round and finish what God meant him to do, *must die.*

Only a few days, and not much pain—just a sudden sinking of the vital spark. And then Sir James came to Dora, who, with all the rest of his friends, was waiting in the most painful suspense for news from the hospital, and said—

"Dora, my dear, I feel it would be a satisfaction to—Mr. Fredrich Wilheim Buist if he could see *you* again."

She asked no question. Those words rang the knell of hope. Very quietly she followed her husband to the carriage, and without a word they drove to the hospital.

As they entered the ward they saw Count von Linckmyer kneeling by the couch, Joe bending over the pillow, Kaiser smiling in death.

Sir James went up and touched the Count, who rose to his feet, and the two men left the room. Joe instinctively followed, and then Kaiser looked up and met Dora's gaze.

Long they looked into each other's eyes, the veil between their souls lifted—the love that has naught of earthly dross in that look. Then he said—

"In heaven, Dora, we shall love and be happy."

"Yes, in heaven, Kaiser."

THE END.

A REAL WATER-BABY.

BY MRS. G. E. MORTON.

It was winter—a time of gales and storms, of keen searching winds and floods of rain—such a time as fills one's heart with deepest pity for the sufferings of the homeless poor on land, and for those who are battling for dear life against the raging waves at sea.

The storm-signal was hoisted at the coastguard station of the beautifully situated seaport town of — well, never mind the name; it had better not be disclosed, for the story I have to tell is so little to the credit of those concerned in it, that it is a kindness to let its whereabouts remain a mystery. For some days there had been a succession of gales, but for the moment they had abated, and there seemed reason for hoping that the rough weather had passed. But the storm-signal showed that the danger was not yet over, and that a return of "dirty weather" was anticipated. In consequence, none of the fishing-boats put out to sea, for their owners were too wise to despise the warning.

It was well for the fishermen that their boats were drawn up high on the beach that night; for, as evening fell, the wind began to rise—first sobbing and moaning fitfully and low, and then gaining in strength and vehemence, till at last it burst into a terrible hurricane which shook the very walls of the houses on the esplanade, as the wild waves foamed and dashed themselves with an angry roar upon the sandy shore.

And then upon the midnight air came that sound so inexpressibly mournful and startling in its suggestion of utter helplessness, the sound of a gun—the signal of a ship in distress. Plainly above the raging elements, again and again, the booming of that gun was heard. Ah God! help them! Could any vessel live in such a sea? We knew that the lifeboat with her crew, a crew that had faced death many times in the noble endeavour to saves the live of others, would respond at once to this touching call for help. But would it be possible for her to make her way upon the seething waters? And even if she could, would she be in time?

Again the signal—and yet again. Each vibration found an echo in our hearts. The gun was the despairing appeal for help from man; our hearts cried out for help from God to save the crew and passengers of the storm-tossed vessel.

At last the firing ceased. Were they saved? It was impossible to see anything through the inky darkness, and we could only hope that the lifeboat had been able to accomplish her mission of mercy.

Next morning the beach presented a strange, sad scene.

The clouds were still dull and leaden, the sea looked dark and sullen, and the waves, as they restlessly tossed themselves, were black with the great masses of seaweed that had been wrenched from its bed beneath the waters. The tide was going out, leaving behind it melancholy traces of the death-struggle that had taken place the previous night. All along the shore were lying planks and boards, some of them broken up into such small splinters that little children could gather them into bundles and carry them home for firewood. Heavy masts and beams were lying there too, mutely telling the pathetic story of shipwreck.

"So the poor ship is gone," we said. "Were any lives saved?"

"Not one!" was the answer. "Before the lifeboat could reach her, she was dashed to pieces on the rocks, and every soul on board went down. Two or three bodies have already been washed ashore, and are now lying at the coastguard station."

So near the land, and yet to be lost! How sad it seemed. And were our prayers lost too? The last Great Day will reveal that. We asked for the lives of the passengers and crew, and we meant temporal life; but how much better for them if the "Almighty Father, strong to save," should have put forth His power to shield them from eternal shipwreck by giving them, then and there, life everlasting! We can never know in this world how such prayers have sped; we shall know it all hereafter.

"What are those people so busy about?" we asked; for down on the beach were some women, one or two men, and a number of children, and they all appeared to be searching for something.

Masts and beams telling the pathetic story of shipwrecks.

"Do you not know?" was the reply. "We call them wreckers, for a shipwreck they consider a perfect godsend. They are hunting about to see if they can find anything valuable."

"But even if they were to come upon something of value, they would not surely be allowed to keep it?"

"By no means. Do you not see those policemen posted at intervals along the shore? they are keeping a sharp look-out over these people. But the wreckers will always try to hide it, if they get a 'find' small enough to conceal, and it needs the greatest vigilance to detect them. However, even if they find no treasure, there is always the broken wood for their fires to console them—and they love a wreck."

An awful accusation, truly. Was it a just one?

It was a sad, impressive sight, and we watched it from our windows with mournful interest. We could see intense eagerness on the faces of those nearest to us, and nervous haste in their every movement as they pushed the logs of wood aside to look under and around them, and searched closely amongst the heaps of seaweed that had been left stranded by the waves. The children were sharing in the excitement, and were chiefly occupied in collecting the smaller pieces of timber and tying them up in bundles, under the superintendence of their mothers, who seemed, however, to grudge the time even to raise their heads for a moment to give hurried directions as to the best way of doing it.

All at once I saw a policeman give a start forward; the waves had just thrown up something white and small.

Stooping, he raised it gently from the dripping sand, and I, too, gave a start as, watching from my window, I saw that the sea had again given up its dead: for it was a tiny infant, a true sea-waif, which had been washed ashore. Verily it had been "baptised in the cloud and in the sea"; its short wilderness journey was ended, and it had entered into the Promised Land.

"That is a sight that will touch the hearts of the mothers," was the thought that naturally came into my mind. But I was mistaken.

The man held the little lifeless form very tenderly in his arms, and carried it to the woman that was nearest to him. He wanted her to take it to the station-house and to place it beside the other bodies that were lying there; he might not take it himself, for his duties obliged him to remain at his post, and he dared not leave it without orders. But the woman to whom he spoke paid no attention to his request—she did not attempt to rise; she only made an impatient movement, as if annoyed at the interruption, and resumed her groping amongst the rocks and weeds.

Passing on to another, the same scene was enacted. To six or seven he went in succession, and only one amongst them all was sufficiently interested to stand up for a moment to look at the little features so still in death! Yet even she would not trouble herself to take the child, but returned in evident hurry to her interrupted labour.

Just then a weather-beaten fisherman passed along the beach. He looked very weary and very sad, as if he had been up all night, spending his strength in trying to help those who stood in so much need of assistance, but who, alas! had for ever passed beyond all human aid. The policeman spoke to him—would *he* too pass by on the other side? No, thank God! humanity was not dead here. In an instant the fisherman had torn off his coat, and wrapt it tenderly round the lifeless babe. It was a simple and touching action; for the child could not feel the cold winter's wind, and the man could; but I felt my eyes grow moist as I watched him so reverently bearing the little sea-waif to the silent chamber in the coastguard station.

A scene such as this could not fail to give rise to serious reflection. What was the hideous vice that had unsexed these women, and robbed them of their womanhood? The question might be answered in one word—covetousness.

"Covetousness which is idolatry" (Col. iii. 5), is a sin that God abhors (Psalm x. 3). From Mount Sinai He gave the distinct command, "Thou shalt not covet." By the mouth of His prophets in after years He sent continual warnings to His people against this very thing. Christ Himself preached against it; and the Apostles also lifted their voices in solemn deprecation of the same sin.

It is well said that "The love of money is the root of all evil." This assertion, be it remembered, is in the Scripture of truth (1 Tim. vi. 10), which, therefore, places it at once on the platform of fact, and takes it altogether out of the region of mere abstract ideas. From this evil root spring many noxious, soul-destroying weeds, which sear the conscience, harden the heart, and deaden the perception of right and wrong. Covetousness flourishes with rank luxuriance on such a stock, and, in truth, is so nearly akin to the "love of money," that it is difficult to make a distinction, and almost impossible to see where the one vice ends, or the other begins. Yet people commonly class covetousness amongst the so-called little sins; not perceiving that it is in God's sight, and in its direct results, a gigantic evil.

It was no unnecessary caution given by our Lord when He said, "Take heed and beware of covetousness." He saw the need of it, as no one else could. He saw how one of His own apostles would barter away his Lord's life for a few miserable pieces of silver.

The Apostle Paul said, "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." So it was with the young man in the Gospel story. His "great possessions" were a snare to him; and when he "went away sorrowful," because he could not make up his mind to part with his riches for Christ's sake, his grief could not have been one hundredth part as great as that which the Lord Himself felt. *His* sorrow must have been deeper far than we can understand as He watched the retreating figure, and then turned to His disciples, and in those few sad memorable words told them of the awful power of riches.

The rich is not the only class that is in danger. "From the least of them even unto the greatest of them *every one* is given to covetousness," was God's complaint against His people of old (Jer. vi. 13); and the same thing may be said of us now! Every one of us needs to examine himself very closely to see that "the root of all evil" is not in him. Yes, the warning against covetousness is needed by rich and poor alike; and there is a test that can be equally applied to all classes—it is this: If it could be proved to you that your riches, or your money-getting, or your small poor gains are keeping you away from Christ, could you give them all up, for His sake? If not, be sure that the evil root is growing fast in you—choking, killing the good seed—and you have need to cry mightily to God in the words of the Psalmist, "Incline my heart unto Thy testimonies, and *not* to covetousness."

Covetousness, as my story shows, is a mean, cruel vice. It is essentially "earthly, devilish;" it is utterly un-Christ-like. It fast shuts the heart against all soft generous emotions, and enables a person to "*love a wreck*," and to rejoice in the calamities of others, if only their misfortunes may bring some gain to himself.

In these days, which we believe to be the last days, the warning is specially needed. "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, *covetous* . . ." (2 Tim. iii. 1-2). The Apostle Peter says, "Through *covetousness* shall they . . . make merchandise of you" (2 Peter ii. 3.) Is not this true now? We hear much in these days of "cruel cheapness," and there are not wanting those who say it is a necessity of the times. How far this may be so I do not presume to judge. But this I *do* know, that God will assuredly call to account those who have become rich by the tears and groans, *and starvation* of those they employ. "The spoil of the poor is in your houses. What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor? saith the Lord God of Hosts" (Isaiah iii. 14-15). "Be not deceived; neither . . . . thieves, nor *covetous*, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor *extortioners*, shall inherit the kingdom of God" (1 Cor. vi. 10.)

Now for the paradox! "*Covet earnestly* the best gifts" (1 Cor. xii. 31) Faith, Hope, Love. Be diligent to lay up for yourselves "*treasures in heaven*." Earthly riches never yet made any one happy. Faith in the Lord Jesus *does* give happiness and peace. To "win Christ and be found in Him," is better than all the treasures of Egypt. Those who know Him as their Saviour may rejoice even if they are entirely destitute of all earthly possessions. Listen to His words: "I know thy . . . poverty (but thou art rich)" (Rev. ii. 9); rich with "the unsearchable riches of Christ" (Eph. iii. 8)—rich in His love—rich, because Heaven is the Home to which every day is bringing you nearer.

AMONGST THE FACTORY-GIRLS AT SAFFRON HILL.

BY MARY CANNEY.

The strike of Messrs. Bryant and May's girls a short time ago interested the public a good deal. On the whole, the sympathy for the girls was great, and people were glad when the strike was brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

We have no match-factories in the neighbourhood of Saffron Hill and Leather Lane, but we have a number of factory-girls, most of them of the roughest description—girls whose one object seems to be a fine feather, a smart blue, red, or violet dress, and big, white linen apron. For this they save up their money, when they can, so that they may go out fine with their friends on Bank Holiday; for the rest of the year the feather, as a rule, goes into the pawn-shop, or it may have only been hired for the day.

The homes of these girls are such that we cannot wonder they prefer to play in the streets in all weathers, or even to seek the shelter of a public-house, where they are warmly welcomed and treated by their friends. In this neighbourhood, and it may be the same elsewhere, the girls get a shilling and a box of sweets on Boxing Day if they are accustomed to visit the public-house, so of course they go for these. How can they keep themselves respectable and clean, we wonder, when we know that six or eight are living in one room in a small house, and that each room contains a family! Two rooms are an almost unheard-of luxury. The girls are very independent; they go to work so young, and are so used to acting and managing for themselves, that it is not easy to make friends with them; but when they do know you they are very friendly, and quite prepared to give a noisy welcome to any one you bring to see them. It is difficult to influence them in any way; they may grow quieter in the club-room, and be a little less rough and noisy in their talk and play, but we can scarcely ever trust them when they are out of our sight; we never know what they will be up to next.

We had been to clubs where we saw girls of the same description in a bright, cheerful room, happily employed making the usual big linen apron, with many pleats, or underclothing, or dancing, or listening to songs, or even singing themselves. Two or three girls came to us asking for work—they had been without any for weeks—and we were able to help them to get it; we then offered to lend them books, on condition that they were returned the following Friday, and we said that they might tell their friends. For some weeks, on Friday evening, from half-past seven to half-past nine, funny visitors might have been seen in the hall and on the steps at St. Peter's Rectory. Few wore hats; most of them came straight from work; their frocks were often ragged and dirty, but generally covered by a big apron, never very clean, as it was the end of the week; we dare not look at their boots, especially in wet weather; a big shawl or cross-over completed their costume. Some friends at Dulwich High School sent us flowers nearly every Friday through the spring and summer, and they still continue to do so. These flowers delight the girls very much; they write letters, which give great pleasure to the Dulwich girls, thanking them for the flowers.

In September, 1886, we started a club-room for the girls and young women living and working in the neighbourhood, and in November we had a special meeting, when our club was formally opened as a branch of the Church of England Young Women's Help Society. Miss Goold gave an address and told the girls about the society and what was expected of them if they belonged to it. Afterwards she invited them to become probationers and to try to keep three simple rules. Most of the girls joined, and since then we have had a special meeting every three months, when others join, or the probationers who wish to become members have a different card given to them if we think they have tried to keep the first rules. We have since found that some of the girls are too bad even to be admitted as probationers; but if their conduct in the club-room is fairly good we allow them to come, hoping that they may improve.

The parish of St. Peter's, Saffron Hill, includes one side of Leather Lane and touches Eyre Street Hill and Back Hill, where the Italian element is very strong and by no means improves the neighbourhood. Saffron Hill is not so bad as it was fifty years ago, but there is still plenty of room for improvement. There are a great number of factories in the locality, and nearly all the residents are poor.

We wanted to take a cottage quite in the country during August, and have the girls, in batches of eight or ten, for a week or two, to give them rest and change; but we were not able to get money enough for this, though we sent a few away, and hope to get our cottage next year. Many of the girls are the bread-winners of their families. "If it wasn't for the rent and grub we could live happy, couldn't we?" remarked a small pale girl to a friend in the club-room, when they were discussing a winter treat. She looked about fourteen, but we knew her to be over seventeen. She only earns four shillings a week, because she is so small. She is very old-fashioned, and will amuse the others for a long time with stories of what she and her brother and sister do when they go hopping. Often during the winter months the only money coming in at the end of the week to pay the rent and feed the children is five or six shillings, earned by this girl of seventeen, who works at a tobacco-factory. She often has to come home ill with the smell of the leaf, but she is employed by a good firm, and will not be stopped sixpence or eightpence, as most of them are, because she is unable to do her work.

Dolly, a small girl of fourteen, works for an Italian at artificial flower-making. She has four shillings a week, and works from eight till eight. On Saturday she has to scrub the place down after her other work is done. She cannot read; when she comes in the evening she is too tired to learn; and we think perhaps it is as well for her that she cannot fill her head with the rubbish contained in penny novelettes and song-books, which do so much harm. We want books to form a good library; we have had a grant of £2 promised, but only on condition that we get another £1 directly. Our stock of books is almost exhausted; they are generally read by the whole family, and often in workshop during the dinner or tea hour.

Last winter a lady offered to give the girls musical drill once a week. At first they rebelled at having to be quiet and attend, but they soon got used to it and enjoyed the lesson thoroughly. They are looking forward to having it again this winter, but the lady has made it a condition that they have jackets to put on while they are drilling, and we do not know where they are to come from.

The club-room is open nearly every night for the girls, and during the winter we hope to have it open every night and on Sunday evening after service. We want some one to come and teach singing. We do not bribe the girls to

come; they get very few treats. We try to provide something specially attractive for the Bank Holidays, but it is not easy to do so, and we are thankful for invitations for the girls on Easter Monday, Whit Monday, and the August Bank Holiday, to spend the day in a field or garden and on Boxing Day in the house. The girls do not want much entertaining; if they have a swing, skipping-rope, and music, they are quite satisfied. We want a piano for the club-room very badly, and are always glad of clothing of any description, and boots for cheap sales. The girls are thankful to get a frock or coat for a few pence, and we hardly ever have women's clothes that will do for them; frocks especially are always promised long before we have them.

THE GIRLS OF BOURTON.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

Author of "Girls," "A Cast in the Waggon," etc.

CHAPTER II.

"POOR KITTY!"

IT was within a week of the last conversation that Kitty Coppock, on quitting her work one evening stumbled over a tub-stool, missed her balance, and fell back against an empty tub, knocking it over and carrying it with her in her fall, so that it was beneath her, and she was lying across it when she was pulled up stunned.

"Why, Kitty, you be'nt hurt, be you, by your tumble?" She was hailed more in amused surprise than in much sympathy at first. "My! ain't she white! Fling a pail of water over her in case she be going to faint right off."

"I thought you had more pluck, Kitty, than to make a row about a trifle."

"Stand up on your feet to see if any bones be broke. Laws! she can't stand without a hold. She'd twirl round like the boys' tops do, and fall again, if she were left alone. What do ail you Kitty, gal? You're giving us no end of a fright."

"Come here, Mrs. Field. Milly, Milly Smith, let go holding up Kitty and screwing your face into a cry. We'll hold her while you run into the kitchen and fetch your granny."

Kitty was carried home on a mattress, laid on an ironing-board ingeniously converted into a stretcher.

Kitty had a father and a mother in a neighbouring cottage, poor, like the most of the Bourton cottages. In fact, Kitty had contributed largely to her parents' support, and an early taste of the bitter dregs of poverty might be at the bottom of her self-seeking and worldliness. Her condition filled her people with dismay. To begin with, she was chiefly dizzy and confused; afterwards she was attacked by such paroxysms of pain that she could think of nothing else. Even when there were intervals of relief she lay passive, recovering from an experience so new in its grievousness.

When the parish doctor arrived he said at once that Kitty's back was hurt—how much he could not tell at once. Her life might be in danger, or the effects of the accident might just stop short of threatening life. She might recover partially—how partially it was impossible to say for some time.

There was a great deal of feeling called forth for the sufferer and her friends, wherever the accident was known, and Kitty's companions showed genuine friendliness. They commenced by coming continually to ask for her, to offer to sit up with her, or to go on any errand on her behalf after work-hours. Kitty's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Coppock, were an ordinary, respectable enough pair of their class, though, as a rule, hard up and pressed for rent and rates. The couple were attached to their daughter—the only one of their children who had not gone out into the world to make their own fortunes and left the old folks at home to shift for themselves. But these old folks, sluggish and somewhat sordid by nature, had grown still more attached to themselves than to Kitty. In their grief for her trouble, which rebounded on them, they were strongly inclined to avail themselves, at its full swell, of the tide of charity which the misfortune sent flowing towards the household for a time. They made the most of poor Kitty's lamentable accident, with the consequent abridgment of their own daily comforts—a line of conduct which caused a revulsion in the public mind when the nine days' wonder had passed and the interest of the affair become merged in fresher interests. "Such selfish, greedy people ought not to be encouraged. The poor girl is to be pitied, no doubt; but to think of her father and mother trading on her disaster!"

Certainly Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Coppock talked, without a thought of harm, before Kitty of the burden she was likely to be to them and to herself for months, or years, or even for life, and what she ought to do to lighten the burden. Yet Aaron, who was reduced to breaking and selling firewood for a living, and had to trudge through heat and cold not only over Bourton, but over the three adjoining villages which formed his beat, tramped to St. Ambrose's and back, after his day's toil, with no more than a few supernumerary groans given to his aching bones, to get a couple of oranges for his ailing lass if she expressed a desire for them. And Mrs. Coppock, who did a little washing on her own account

"tidied up" Kitty as the first and last of the mother's day's duties, and would sit down beside her daughter when the pain was bad, prepared to nod half the night through by her bed, as a matter of course, for the least chance of comfort to her.

Kitty was forlorn enough, but she would have been ten times more forlorn if she had not had her father and mother, with their concern for her welfare and their rough attempts to promote it. Home was home, however destitute of luxury, and her father and mother were her own father and mother, though they might not be mealy-mouthed or magnanimous.

In its first stages Kitty hardly realised her situation. She cried and moaned like a child in her bouts of agony, and did herself serious injury by insisting on having the plaster-of-Paris support and the bandage taken from her back, as if they were the root of the evil, because, though she had been a healthy, high-spirited girl, she had never learnt the least self-control. She complained more than once that she would have understood it all if she had slipped her foot in clambering up the high paling to pull old Lady Vernon's lilacs and laburnums, which the villagers had been forbidden to touch; or in crossing the stile to the morsel of common which was private property, where there was a herons' nest Squire Percival did not wish disturbed, while there was not a turbulent, enterprising young person in the place who did not burn to secure a trophy—a feather for a girl's hat or an egg to blow for a boy's string of blown eggs. But when she was only about her work, like the other girls, doing her best to please Widow Field and her customers, it was precious hard to be thrown down by a false step and have her back next to broken, and lie in torment, losing all the summer's work and wages and what play was going.

By degrees—merciful in their delay—Kitty and he friends were made aware that she would never be again as she had been, that she must remain more or less of a suffering invalid, chained to her garret bed or to its equivalent for the rest of her life. Has any reader who may be a member of the wealthier classes ever fully faced and taken to heart what such a hard sentence is to a working-girl of the humblest antecedents? Sickness, however alleviated, is a heavy trial to all. We are accustomed to say that without health to enjoy the good things of life they are stripped of their attractions. But with easy, not to say affluent circumstances, there comes many a lessening of the infliction. Money smooths away cares and worries, keeps the mind comparatively at rest, and brings a certain portion of ease and alleviation—nay, of wonderful indemnification even, to the afflicted body. But to the poor man or woman disease means a long succession of increasing hardships without remedy, the loss of almost everything that renders life bright and sweet, and for a highly probable end the ward of a workhouse and a pauper's funeral. The wonderful patience—like the pathetic patience of sick children, or the honest poor—may make such a prospect endurable at fifty or sixty years of age, but at twenty human nature, unaided, cries out against it. No doubt, and let us be thankful for it, there are people of all ages, in every rank, in each recurring generation, who bear the cross of bodily weakness and life-long failure, unsolaced by the minor good things which wealth can procure, so bravely and ungrudgingly that the cross, in bearing it, becomes a crown—a crown of glory, honour, and immortality. Even in this life it so infinitely surpasses all earthly gains that the thoughtful looker-on cannot refrain from calling the wearer happy, and saying that God has given to such a one a heavenly peace and power which, as far as the heaven is above the earth, transcends the joy and influence of the young and strong in the season when their corn, and wine, and oil abound. But such witnesses to God's justice constitute the blessed exceptions to the general rule.

"It had been quite a pleasure to go in pairs to the Common." p. 170.

As for Kitty, when she discovered her fate, which was God's will, she fought fiercely and piteously against it. For what was she, to kick against the pricks that a Divine hand had set? If she had brought a spirit of grace and submission to the ordeal, the same Divine hand would have plucked them out one by one—ay, and would have shown

her that these very pricks and wounds had been, long before, in the crown of thorns and the soldier's spear which the Son of God had received, for the sake of sinners, in silence.

Kitty made such a mad, unreasoning resistance, and rendered herself so intolerable in her sullenness and the savageness which was aroused in her, that her parson reproved her, her doctor scolded her, her old companions, with one exception, that of Milly Smith, gave her up, she was so thankless and ungrateful for their favours. Her father forgot himself, and swore over her for a young vixen; her mother turned upon her, and left her whole half-days by herself, to fret and grumble to the damp walls and hard pillows about how she was treated.

"There ain't no living with her, poor thing! her's that fractious, and furious, and senseless," Mrs. Aaron Coppock moralised. "Whatever father and I are to do it passes me to think if we can't master Kitten in time. Eh, it is little of the kitten, but a deal of the tiger-cat as is in her nowadays, and we're none so young as we have been, father and I. We've had our troubles and reared a family afore now. We oughter have peace and quiet for our last years," the old woman began to whimper.

There had been a time, not very far off, when Kitty, in the sauciness, the dash of insolence in her young womanhood, and in the important person she was in her father's house, had been accustomed to speak but slightingly of the common lot of the working-women of Bourton. She had asserted that she, at least, would think twice before she became a wife to a man who could not remove her for ever from the washing-tub. She would on no account grant him more of her help and service than were in strict accordance with what she conceived the proper dignity and leisure of a matron. But now, as she lay, denied even the privilege of tossing her powerless body on her uneasy bed, and sickened at the coarse fare which, in its scantiness, was all her mother could offer her, she saw the panorama of life, outside and beyond her, passing by, and contrasted it with the narrow, miserable existence that was to be hers, like a living death in the meanest of coffins, till her verdict changed. She found much to say to herself for the early rising, without a throbbing nerve, the morning air, the plunge of her face into the spring-water, the hearty appetite for the cheap tea and the bread, as often as not without butter, the healthy bustle and active work round the washing-tubs. The unsubdued clatter of tongues and the light-hearted laughter of the girls had brought neither headache nor heartache. It had been quite a pleasure to go in pairs to the common and dally a moment in the fine weather, picking a cowslip from the daisied grass or a snake's-head lily from among the rushes, before the washerwomen spread out the contents of their baskets. Then there had been the strolls of the girls who were cronies, in the soft dusk, when the swallows were skimming low and the night-beetles were abroad, with the pertinacious escorts the strollers sometimes brought home with them. Sunday had come round duly, with its rest from work, its show of finery among the neighbours at church, and the still more significant "company" the girls kept in the afternoon walks, which were almost as much an established institution on Sundays as were the Prayer-book service and the Vicar's sermons.

All these habits and practices of daily life came back in memory to Kitty, and were idealised even, in her simple mind, touched with the regretful lustre which lights up what we have once had, without stopping to prize it, till we have lost it for ever. And more would have been in store for her if she had continued to be like other girls. It is true Kitty had spoken scoffingly of marriage and its joys, but she had spoken half in arrogant pride, half in girlish coyness, and her sentiments had been three-fourths affectation.

Kitty's quickened imagination went farther now: she thought of young mothers proudly showing their first babies to their old friends and neighbours; of young fathers, in their shirt-sleeves, standing at the open house-doors, content to dandle the living loads while the evening meal was being made ready; of the family, older and more numerous, in their Sunday best, taking their weekly promenade in company or pausing in the churchyard-path to link themselves with kindred families. She saw the young mother, blowsy or faded, grown stout, or lean, in middle age, with lines on her forehead and furrows in her cheeks, but with big boys and girls whom she cared for and who cared for her, causing her to forget the lines and furrows, because they were trifles light as air to the motherly heart. Kitty pursued the shadow till the original girl—one of her companions, it might be—was an old woman as old as Leah Snow, the oldest woman in the workhouse. But this other old woman was not sentenced to the ward of a poor-house; she had her seat, by right and by love, in the chimney-corner of one of her children or of one of her children's children; and as she had worked for them and cherished them in days gone by, so they worked for her and cherished her now.

Kitty had been comparatively fancy-free in her fully-employed, robust, girlish independence. She had not been without her ardent admirers, for she had been a piquant and pretty lass in her health and bloom. Chief among them had been Tom Peters, who had given her the black hen he had reared on purpose for her. She had laughed at him and tantalised him quite as much as she had danced with him at the Bourton fête, which the village poverty by no means put a stop to, or had allowed him to walk with her on occasional Sundays. But now, when she lay and turned everything over in her sore heart, she was inclined to say, like little Alice in "The Queen of the May," "*If I had lived —I cannot tell—I might have been his wife.*"

She was not dying: she did not feel moved to send such a message to Tom as Alice sent to Robin, to bid him woo and wed some other girl, with whom "*he might be happy yet*," yet Tom and Kitty were as surely and finally separated as if stern Death had stepped between them. He came once or twice to ask for her. She could hear his voice speaking in sheepish tones to her mother in the house-place below, from Katie's room above. Then he left off coming. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Aaron Coppock, who still called Kitty's hen "Tom Peters," casually mentioned before her daughter, as a natural incident of little moment to her now, which might still have a shade of interest for her, that her old spark Tom had begun to keep company and walk out with Lyddy Young.

The news dealt an additional pang to Kitty, and yet, unreasonable as she was, she could hardly be said to blame her former lover. What on earth could a working man do with a bedridden wife? and it was not to be thought that he would keep single for Kitty's sake, since he was in want of a wife. She had not been so kind to him in those very different days, when she had him at her feet. Kitty had heard of an uncle of hers, who had married a young woman on her death-bed, and given as a reason for the extraordinary proceeding that he wished to have the comfort of burying her as his wife. But he had been considered hare-brained from that day. Neither was Kitty likely to die and rid a Quixotic lover of an intolerable encumbrance.

(To be continued.)

MEDICAL MISSION WORK IN THE ZENANAS OF INDIA.—II.

BY MARY CAVALIER, OF THE ZENANA BIBLE AND MEDICAL MISSION.

Even though a doctor may be invited to visit a lady in the zenana, he must not see her. He may examine her tongue, thrust through a small slit in the curtain, behind which she reclines. And in the same way he may feel her pulse.

But if this is all, he has no means of making a proper diagnosis of the case.

Help in sickness can only be given to the zenana inmates by their own sex. When we remember that forty millions of our sisters are thus secluded, we must surely feel that in these dark homes there is free scope for the work of lady medical missionaries, and that their aid is most urgently and loudly called for.

The Zenana Bible and Medical Mission does all in its power to send ladies to the zenanas of India, who, whilst applying the art of healing to these suffering ones, take also the Balm of Gilead for the sin-stricken soul.

Lucknow has a native population of 300,000 inhabitants. Three ladies are now connected with the medical branch of its work there, besides eight zenana missionaries and some native Bible-women. They have five schools, eight teachers, and 187 pupils.

There are also 239 pupils in 140 zenanas. Last year 5,300 patients were treated at the dispensary, also 100 at their own houses, and 110 at the hospital, in which there are wards specially set apart for zenana ladies.

Dr. Alice Marston is rapidly making her way amongst the people, and the Christian influence of such talented English ladies cannot be over-estimated. Dr. Marston tells of all sorts of diseases being successfully treated by her, and many critical cases cured. She thinks the work very encouraging. Surely we may thank God and take courage, doing all in our power to promote a work so fraught with blessing as this must be.

One devoted lady-nurse, also working in this hospital, speaks of the bright smiles that greet her as she sits by the bedsides of the patients.

What a glad opportunity to tell the "old, old story," for our medical missionary ladies always remember the principal object of their work, in being able to speak of Christ to their patients, and we know, from their own accounts, that the precious seed has taken root in many a sad heart hitherto longing for peace, and finding none till Christ Himself has by His Spirit imparted it.

On Sunday a service is held in the hospital. All come who can, the high caste women sitting behind the purdah*. This service is looked upon as a happy little season by all.

A native Christian nurse wrote a letter in Urdu, at the request of the patients, acknowledging some gifts and thanking the donors for their kindness, and for a letter sent to them. The following translation of a part of the letter may prove interesting:—

"O ladies, we have received your affectionate letter and kind gifts. You have ministered to us, and given us good advice, for which we are ever grateful, and we shall never forget it. Your toil and labour for our bodies, and your teaching and advice for our souls, is profitable to us. We know now that our saints and idols are all lies, and that there is no salvation by them. By your means we have come to a knowledge of the true God, and we do know now that we can obtain salvation by means of Jesus Christ. Our faith is right; we believe in Christ and we love Him. But, O ladies, there is one great obstacle before us, our relatives and caste-fellows; but we hope that God will, some time or other, break down even this barrier. Now, after thanking you for all this, we thank you for inquiring after our welfare, and also for sending your money to help us in our forlornness. God bless it so that each penny may become a pound in doing His work. It so happens at times that by the mission of one penny from you one life is saved; each penny from you in this country is the saving of a life. God will assuredly give you your reward. Ever since Dr. Marston has been with us she has been very kind to us, and sympathises with us, and hundreds of women have received instruction and recovery from sickness by her skill. God bestow great blessings on her work. But, O ladies, please do not forget this, that there is yet in India great ignorance, and it is imperatively necessary that the people here be instructed, especially in the zenanas, for the women in this country are exceedingly ignorant."

These women who dictated this letter are not Christians, but Hindus and Mohammedans, to whom the Light of the Gospel has been shown, but they have not yet arisen to shine themselves, or to come out from among the heathen. They are convinced of the Truth, but cannot yet forsake all and confess Christ before men.

This appeal comes not from Europeans, but from the patients of the Lucknow Medical Hospital. Can we read the words of our native sisters untouched? Surely, if Christian principles will not stir us to aid in so noble and Christ-like a work, yet from even philanthropic motives we may feel the pleasure, nay, even duty, to increase its agency a thousandfold, till from many an Eastern home the song of joy and praise may arise to Him who has put it into the hearts of the British, the Americans, and others to send out women medical missionaries to carry out the two-fold work of saving lives that are now cruelly sacrificed through the ignorant and bad practices of their own assistants, and the primary object, seeking the salvation of souls. By their skill in medical knowledge they draw the people, gain their confidence, and lead them to say, "You need not be afraid of these missionaries."

Can we imagine anything more likely to snap the iron bands of caste?

The late Dr. Duff, speaking on the subject of female medical missions, exclaimed, "Would to God we had such an agency ready for work! Soon would India be moved to its inmost recesses."

The silver streak of light has found entrance to that vast

* Curtain.

land; may its people soon bask in the golden sunlight of human and Divine love, as they rejoice in the two-fold cord of being healed and saved.

Lately a new movement has been commenced by the natives themselves. They have built a native hospital for women and children. This is wonderful, as it is well known that cattle, monkeys, insects, and other things have received more care during sickness from the Hindus than their women would have done.

This we can understand when we remember that every sign of grief is shown at the birth of a *female* child.

An educated native said about the medical work, "It will open the doors of the zenanas as nothing else will," and another Hindu gentleman observed, "We need lady physicians in India very much, and I have often spoken of it to my friends, but we did not know where to look for them, and as our women are uneducated they could not study medicine. But it seems the people of the West have thought of us, and helped us to meet our necessities."

In the Women's Hospital, Lucknow.

Medical mission stations are also training-schools for native female doctors and nurses. This branch of the work has great encouragement.

Dr. Swain, lady missionary of the American Methodist Mission at Bareilly, commenced on March 1st, 1870, teaching a class of sixteen native girls and three married women. They studied well, and thirteen of this class on April 10th, 1873, received from an examining board, two of whom were civil surgeons, "certificates of practice in *all* ordinary diseases." It should also be known that besides the Agra Medical School for Women, opened by Government, scholarships are now provided, through the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Colin Valentine, at the Agra Medical Missionary Training Institution, for *female* as well as male students.

But we must not forget that medical missions are auxiliaries, whose grand object is the salvation of souls, and it would, perhaps, be interesting to trace both the direct and indirect effects of Christian medical work in connection with our hospital at Lucknow.

Dr. A. Marston says how much she enjoys, for a change, "the non-medical visits," when she merely goes to see the people as a missionary and a friend. And here let me free our missionary sisters from the charge that they surreptitiously visit the zenanas on the pretence of healing the sick one when they merely wish to preach the Gospel. Our medical ladies are most careful to explain their errand, and only visit those who, whilst being healed, are ready to hear of a God of Love.

One woman whom Dr. Marston visits has been led to the feet of the Saviour. She frequently reads her Testament, and her neighbours say, "There is *one* woman who reads your book, and minds it, too; she says, whatever any one says, she will do what it tells her." Others say, "She is always minding the book." She is also teaching others in that zenana to love the "good words." Dr. Marston says, "She is so anxious to obey every command of Christ that I am content to leave her in His hands, having told her what He *does* command, and asked her to pray that God would make her way plain. She needs our prayers that she may be 'kept from the evil' which surrounds her."

Again we quote: "Another patient, whom I mentioned last year, is out of my hands medically, having quite recovered after a long course of treatment. I do not like to give her up entirely, and still give her a friendly visit every now and then, on which occasions she always asks for 'the Book,' and listens with intelligence and interest."

We have lately received a letter telling us of the baptism of a Bengali widow, who first heard of Christ when lying in the hospital at Lucknow. She is now learning to nurse other sick ones, and at the same time she is anxious to speak of a Saviour's love.

Thus we see that a *direct* personal influence is gained over the women by the intercourse of Christian English ladies. Patients in the hospital may not be numerous, and an itinerating preacher would speak to more. But the influence in such a sphere is more real and personal.

Still a further instance of the indirect work of the teaching given during hospital treatment. Miss L. Marston, when visiting in a zenana, met a woman whom she had taught some time previously in the Lucknow hospital. Great hopes were entertained for her there; she seemed so anxious to hear the "sweet story of old." Still more cheered was Miss Marston by finding how much she—an unlearned woman—remembered after such a lapse of time. She was asked to learn the Lord's Prayer, but said she could repeat it all, having learnt to do so in the hospital. She spoke of a Saviour's love to the women in the zenana, and seemed herself deeply taught of the Spirit.

This is but one of many instances we could give of the indirect influences of medical work. Women who have received the double healing at our hospital are now shining as lights in a dark place, whether it be in the recesses of the zenana or the greater freedom of an Indian village.

We appeal to our readers for help in this great and important work. Our great desire is to extend the helping hand to those places loudly calling for medical aid for the women; but this cannot be done without a warm response from England's favoured daughters.

EVERYWHERE in life, the true question is, not what we *gain*, but what we *do*.—*Carlyle.*

THE AMERICAN ABOLITIONISTS.

PRUDENCE CRANDALL AND LUCRETIA MOTT.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

EVERYBODY is an Abolitionist now. There is not, probably, in any part of Europe or the United States a single human being who would now defend slavery as an institution, or who thinks that for man to own property in his fellow-man, to be able to buy and sell him and dispose of his whole life, is not a sin and an outrage against all feelings of humanity. Slavery was put an end to in the British Dominions nearly seventy years ago, but it is only twenty-five years since it was abolished in the United States of America. It is, however, within the memory of many persons now living when to be an Abolitionist, even in the New England States, was to be hated and reviled, to render oneself the object of the bitterest persecution, to risk comfort, happiness, and even life. In England the Abolitionist party was headed by men like Wilberforce, Clarkson, Macaulay, and Buxton, who all enjoyed the advantages belonging to education, good social position, and comparative wealth. It was always "respectable" in England to be an Abolitionist, and it was not necessary to possess the courage and devotion of a martyr to declare one's hatred of slavery. But in the United States it was quite otherwise. Great and influential people of all parties there were for many years vehemently opposed to the emancipation of the slaves. Even as late as 1841 Miss Martineau describes the great sensation made among "the *élite* of intellectual Boston" when they found that Lord Morpeth (afterwards the Earl of Carlisle), who was then on a visit to the United States of America, had openly expressed his sympathy with the principles of the Abolitionists.

In 1835 the Boston mob dragged William Lloyd Garrison, the leader of the American Abolitionists, through the streets with a rope round his neck; and his life was only saved from their fury through the stratagem of the Mayor, who committed him to gaol as a disturber of the peace. In 1841 the feeling against the Abolitionists was a little less violent; but "anti-slavery opinions were at that time in deep disrepute in the United States; they were 'vulgar,' and those who held them were not noticed in society, and were insulted and injured as often as possible by genteeler people and more complaisant republicans." It was a matter of great astonishment to the polite world of Boston that the English aristocrat made no secret of the fact that he shared the opinions of the despised and hated Abolitionists.

As an illustration of the change that has come over the public mind on the question of slavery, it may be mentioned that in June of this year, slavery was put an end to as a legal institution in Brazil. The leaders of the Republican party in the United States, now that slavery is absolutely dead and done for in their country, put in the forefront of their political manifesto for the Presidency election a congratulation to their "fellow Americans of Brazil upon their great act of emancipation, which has completed the abolition of slavery throughout the two American continents."

In 1828 Garrison was a poor lad, working for his living as a printer; he determined to devote himself to the gigantic task of freeing his country from the curse of slavery. He began to print with his own hands and publish an anti-slavery paper called the *Liberator*. He wandered up and down the United States as an anti-slavery lecturer; by-and-by a few friends began to gather round him, and those who shared his principles and his enthusiasm gradually made themselves known to him. In 1833, he being then twenty-eight years old, he received a letter from a young Quaker lady, Miss Prudence Crandall, who asked his advice under the following circumstances:—Two years previously she had bought a large house at Canterbury, in the State of Connecticut, and had started there a boarding-school for girls. She had flourished beyond her expectations, and had every prospect of forming a highly successful school. She wrote to Garrison and asked his advice about changing her white scholars for coloured ones. She says in her letter, very simply, not giving herself any airs of martyrdom, "I have been for some months past determined, if possible, during the remainder of my life to benefit the people of colour." Under these quiet words lay a firmness of purpose that would have supported her to the stake if need were. She did not, on that occasion, tell Garrison that she had already admitted to her classes, not as a boarder, but as a day scholar, a very respectable young negro woman, whose family she knew well as members of the church which she herself attended. By this action she had given great offence to the "genteel" inhabitants of Canterbury. The wife of an Episcopal clergyman who lived in the town told her that if she retained "that coloured girl" the school would be ruined. Prudence replied, that though the school might be ruined she would not turn her scholar out. She soon discovered that many of her pupils would leave not to return if the coloured girl were retained, but this did not shake her resolution. She began to consider whether it would not be possible to have a school for coloured girls only; and upon this point, not saying anything of her own sacrifices, she wrote, as before mentioned, to consult Garrison. Very soon after the date of this letter the *Liberator* newspaper contained an advertisement, stating that "Miss P. Crandall (a white lady), of Canterbury, Conn." had opened a "High School for young coloured ladies and misses."

By this time the town of Canterbury had put itself into the greatest state of excitement about Miss Crandall's project. She might have reasonably thought when she had converted her school into one for "young coloured ladies and misses" only, that so long as she and her pupils and their parents were satisfied no one else had any concern in the matter. But this was not the view taken by the inhabitants of Canterbury. Three town's meetings were summoned in one week to consider what measures could be taken to stop and thwart her project. At first it seems to have been thought desirable to try the fair means of persuasion, and Miss Crandall was waited on by a deputation of leading gentlemen of the place, who professed to feel "a real regard

for the coloured people, and perfect willingness that they should be educated, *provided it could be effected in some other place.*" Miss Crandall's scheme of educating them in her own house in Canterbury would, they assured her, bring disgrace and ruin on the whole town. Miss Crandall heard them out, and then announced her determination to carry out her plan. There was an immovable firmness under the tranquil beauty of the young Quakeress' demeanour. Another town's meeting was called, and Miss Crandall was allowed to be represented by counsel, but the gentlemen who took up her cause were not granted a hearing, on the ground that they were outsiders, not natives of the town, and the whole of Canterbury, in public meeting assembled, then proceeded to vote their unanimous disapprobation of the school, and their fixed determination to oppose it at all hazards. They certainly opposed it with great vigour, but the hazard was not so much to the town of Canterbury as to the young woman, who was the object for two years of the most relentless persecution. She all the while maintained her quiet dignity, causing Garrison to exclaim in a letter to a friend, "Wonderful woman! as undaunted as if she had the whole world on her side! She has opened her school and is resolved to persevere." One of her friends wrote to Garrison: "We shall have a rough time, probably, before the year is out. The struggle will be great, no doubt, but God will redeem the captives . . . We are all determined to sustain Miss Crandall if there is law in the land enough to protect her. She is a noble soul!"

The fight between the heroic little Quaker woman and the town of Canterbury soon waxed very hot. Almost directly after the school was opened in 1833, her enemies procured the passing of an Act by the State Legislature of Connecticut, prohibiting private schools for non-resident coloured persons, and providing for the expulsion of such scholars. The fact is a warning of the way in which small local parliaments may be carried away by local passions. Such an Act would probably, even then, never have passed the Legislature of the United States. As it was, its originators must have been ashamed of it as soon as their rage against Miss Crandall had had time to cool, for it was repealed in 1838, but in the five years during which it was in operation it gave Miss Crandall's enemies great power over her. Under this Act she was twice arrested, and twice imprisoned, tried, and convicted. She appealed to the Supreme Court, and had the satisfaction in the superior tribunal of defeating her persecutors, though only on a technical point of law. But in the interval she was subjected to the most extraordinary and inhuman persecution. There was not a shopkeeper in the town who would sell her, or any member of her household, a morsel of food; she and her scholars were not admitted to take part in public worship; no public conveyance would take them as passengers; doctors would not attend them. Miss Crandall's own relations and friends were warned that if they valued their own safety they must not visit her or have anything to do with her. "Her well was filled with manure, and water from other sources was refused; the house itself was smeared with filth, assailed with rotten eggs and stones, and finally set on fire." (See "Life of William Lloyd Garrison," vol. i., p. 321.) But the heroic little "school-marm" held her own. Unlike that Frenchman of whom we are told that he consecrated a long life to coming invariably to the assistance of the strongest side, she was emphatically the friend of the oppressed, and one of that band "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

The existence of a group of such women is one of the most precious national possessions of the American people. Miss Crandall, now Mrs. Philleo, is still alive and in full vigour of mind and body. The revenge which the whirligig of time has brought to her is the triumph of her cause. She now enjoys a small pension granted to her by the Government of the United States in recognition of her services to the anti-slavery cause.

Another of the famous anti-slavery women of the United States was Lucretia Mott. She, too, was a Quakeress, as were a very considerable proportion of the women who first took up the Abolitionist movement. At one time the Puritan inhabitants of New England, who had fled from their homes in Europe to escape persecution, instituted the most cruel persecution against the Quakers and all sects who differed from the Puritan creed. The persecuted are often only too ready to become persecutors in their turn. Lucretia Mott's ancestors, the Coffins, descended from the ancient Devonshire family of that name, had fled before this Puritan persecution to the island of Nantucket to the east of Massachusetts. Here Lucretia was born in 1793, and here her childhood was passed till she was eleven, when her father removed to Boston, Massachusetts. Lucretia and her younger sister, spoken of in her father's letters as "the desirable little Elizabeth," had opportunities of education at Boston that would have been quite out of the question at the primitive little island of their birth. At the age of eighteen Lucretia married James Mott, and her home henceforward was at Philadelphia. Partly for the sake of educating her own children, and partly with the view of helping her mother, who had been left a widow with five children to support, Lucretia Mott opened a school. When she was about thirty years of age she began gradually to be drawn into work of a more public kind, through her deep interest in many moral movements of her time. Foremost among these stood the anti-slavery agitation; she travelled many thousands of miles, speaking and lecturing for the anti-slavery cause. It was then, even in America, quite a novelty for women to take an active part in public movements, and some of the more old-fashioned of the Abolitionists did not approve of the participation of Lucretia Mott and other women in the work. But Garrison was always, from the first, as eager for the equality of women as he was for the emancipation of the slaves; and he felt too deeply what the anti-slavery cause in England and America owed to women to tolerate their being set on one side without any recognition of their work. However, at first only a minority held this view, and the difficulty which some men felt in working with women caused Lucretia Mott to form the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society. At the first meeting of this society, none of the ladies felt competent themselves to take the chair, so they elected a negro gentleman to that position, a choice which Mrs. Mott explained a few years later, in the following words: "Negroes, idiots, and women were in legal documents classed together; so that we were very glad to get one of our own class to come and aid us in forming that society."

In 1840, Lucretia Mott was one of the delegates chosen to represent American societies at the World's Anti-Slavery Convention held in London in that year. It is well known that she and all other lady delegates were refused recognition because they were women. Sir John Bowring, Mr. Ashurst, and Daniel O'Connell were among those who protested against this arbitrary act of exclusion; but the protest was

in vain. Garrison had not been present when the question of refusing to allow the lady delegates to take part in the Convention was discussed. He arrived in England five days after the question had been settled. With characteristic generosity, he refused to sit as a delegate where the ladies had been excluded. They had been relegated as spectators to a side gallery, and he insisted on taking his seat there also. The absurdity of holding a World's Anti-Slavery Convention in which the chief workers against slavery were present as spectators, not as participators, caused a great deal of discussion at the time; and the general movement in England towards the social, educational and political equality of women may be said to date from that period.

For thirty years Lucretia Mott hardly ever let a day pass without doing something to weaken the fabric of slavery, which she felt to be the greatest curse of her native land. Her manner and voice were sweet, solemn, and tranquil; her small and fragile figure, her exquisite womanliness of demeanour, made it difficult to believe that she could become the object of violent hatred and persecution. Yet she had often known what it was to stand on a platform in the midst of a shower of stones and vitriol, and to endure in silence the unmanly insults of the pro-slavery press. The simple and direct sincerity of her mind, her forgetfulness of self, and her tranquil courage, carried conviction to the minds of thousands that she had a message worth listening to. But at first many even of her own religious community thought it necessary to show their disapprobation of her conduct, by refusing to recognise her when they met. She owned that this "had caused her considerable pain," but it never caused her to swerve for a moment from the course she felt to be that of duty. She usually took a share of the seat behind the door in railway cars, because that place was ordinarily assigned to negroes, and would converse kindly with her fellow-passengers there.

At the celebrated trial in 1859 of Daniel Dangerfield, a fugitive slave, Lucretia Mott remained all through the long hours of suspense by the side of the prisoner. The trial and the courthouse were watched by two crowds, both in the greatest anxiety and suspense, one hoping for the release, the other, and by far the larger and more dangerous, hoping for the condemnation of the man. At last the long trial ended in victory for the right. Daniel Dangerfield was declared a free man; but the authorities of the court thought it would be impossible to get him away in safety through the angry pro-slavery crowd, without an escort of police. But their fears were found to be groundless, for when the doors of the court were thrown open, and the slave walked out, a free man, Lucretia Mott, the aged Quaker lady, was by his side; her hand on his arm was a sufficient protection, and he passed through the angry crowd in safety.

Very soon after this came the War of Secession. The Abolitionists knew, though the politicians did not, that this war would decide the question of slavery. As all the world knows now, they were right. The American people were enabled to prevent the secession of the slave states; and in 1863 a proclamation of President Lincoln declared the Abolition of Slavery in the United States. Lucretia Mott lived for seventeen years after this crowning victory of her life's labours. She died on November 11th, 1880, universally respected, and loved by all who knew her.

SUPPERS AND BREAKFASTS.

MENU.

Supper.—Cornish Pasties. Junket.
Breakfast.—Fish cakes. Potato scones

Cornish Pasties.

Materials.—½ lb. lean bacon; 3 potatoes; 1 onion; 2 eggs; milk, 1 small teacupful; ½ lb. flour; clarified fat, 4 ozs.; pepper and salt.

Directions.—Parboil the potatoes (thinly peeled), for fifteen minutes; make pastry of the flour and fat, with a pinch of salt; chop up the onion and parboiled potato. Beat up the eggs, adding the milk to them, and beating it again together. Cut the bacon into slices, and these into small bits, and add them with the potato and onion to the egg and milk; season with pepper and salt. Rub six tin patty-pans (or saucers) with a little fat, line them with the pastry, rolled thin; fill them with the mixture, and cover them with pastry, press the edges together with a floured fork, trim the pasties round neatly, and bake them in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Time, 1 hour.

These pasties will be found very savoury and nice; they may be made with equal parts of cold meat and bacon if more convenient; a more expensive kind of Cornish pasty is made with game, or chicken and ham, instead of bacon, added to the eggs, etc., in the same way.

Junket.

Materials.—1 quart milk; 1 tablespoonful sugar; 1 tablespoonful essence of rennet.

Directions.—Warm the milk in a saucepan until it is as hot as new milk from the cow (but not near boiling point), pour it into a glass dish or china bowl—a pie-dish will do, but does not look so nice—mix the sugar with a little of the milk in a basin thoroughly, stir this and the rennet into the milk, and place the dish on the cool side of the stove or top of the oven, standing it on an old newspaper to prevent breakage from heat. Cover the dish with a clean cloth or paper, and take it off the stove as soon as the milk has set, which will be in about twenty minutes. Do not stir it to ascertain this, as it will break the curd and spoil the dish. When the junket is cold, grate over it a little nutmeg. Time, ½ hour.

In Devonshire, clotted cream is added on the top of the nutmeg; and in Wiltshire it is the custom to use raw cream, whipped to a froth with lemon juice and white sugar, but these additions are more suitable when the junket is for an evening party than for an ordinary meal. A simple junket made as above is remarkably nourishing and digestible; many children who dislike milk puddings will enjoy this, and invalids who cannot digest plain milk will find no difficulty with this, the addition of rennet assisting a weak digestion.

BREAKFAST.

Fish Cakes.

Materials.—½ lb. cold fish; ½ lb. cold potatoes; butter, 1 oz.; breadcrumbs, 1 teacupful; 2 eggs; pepper and salt.

Directions.—Clear the fish, which has been left over from the previous day's dinner, from all skin and bones; crush the cold potatoes to a flour on a board with the bottom of a

jam-pot, and mix both together thoroughly, adding the butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper. (Cayenne may be substituted for grey pepper, if liked, but must be used very sparingly, a small pinch only being mixed with the fish.) Beat up the eggs, and mix half the quantity with the fish, etc. Flour your hands, and form the mixture into small round cakes about three quarters of an inch thick. Dip them into the rest of the egg, and then into the bread-crumbs, fry them a nice brown in deep fat, and serve hot in a fish-paper. Time, ½ hour.

Bread-crumbs are best prepared by rubbing stale bread through an iron-wire sieve; copper-wire sieves should never be used in cooking, as they quickly become poisonous, and are very difficult to keep clean. Fish cakes should be fried in a wire basket, and drained by holding this over the boiling fat for half a minute when done. The clarified fat in which they are fried (which should be at least a pound), will serve for all frying purposes for many weeks, if carefully drained into a tin whilst hot.

Potato Scones.

Materials.—Cold potatoes, 1 lb.; 2 ozs. clarified fat; milk, 2 tablespoonfuls; flour, 1 teacupful; salt, ½ teaspoonful.

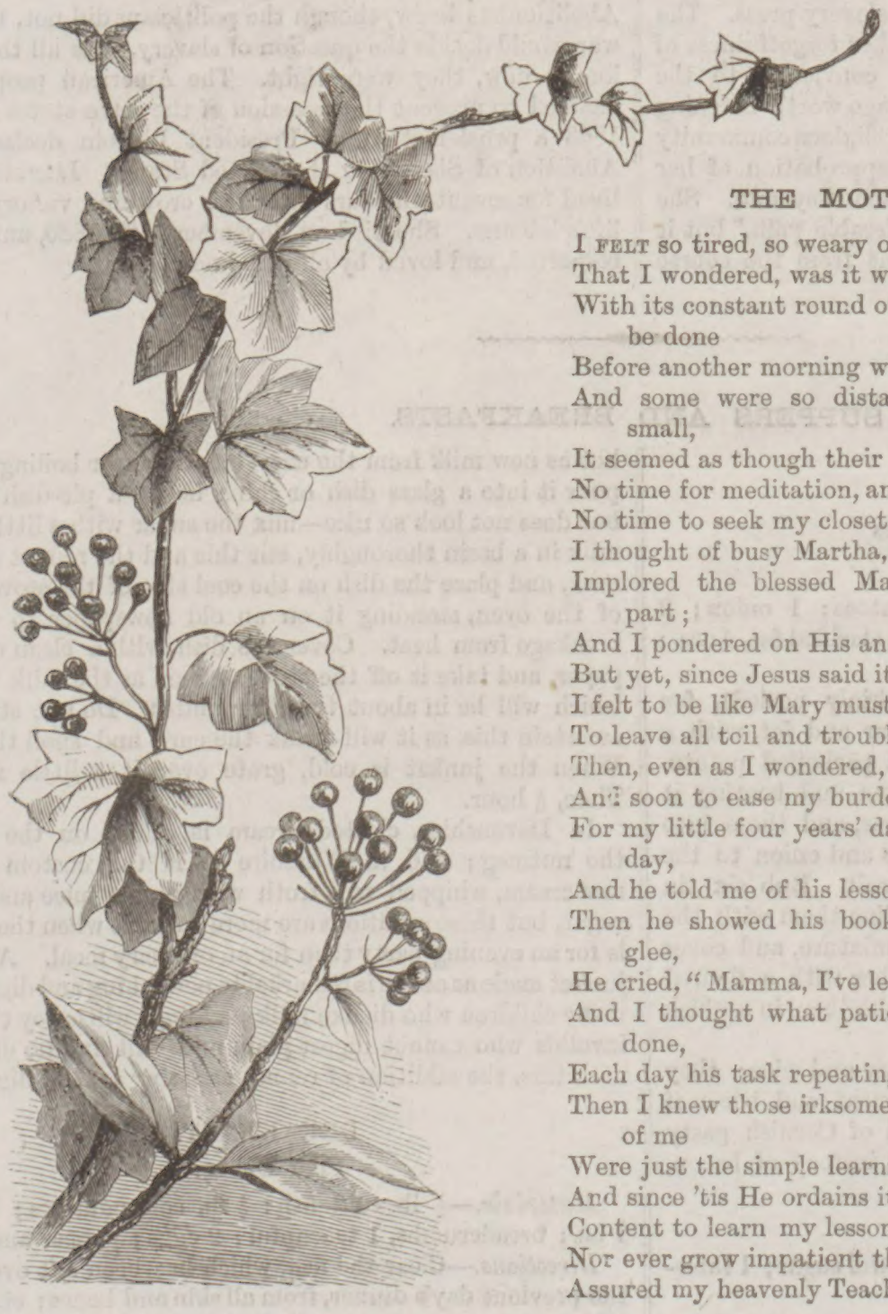
Directions.—Crush the potatoes to a flour (as for the fish cakes), warm the milk and melt the fat in it; mix the potato evenly with this and the salt, and then work in enough flour to make the mixture into a stiff paste. Roll this out very thinly, cut it into rounds, and bake in a hot oven for six minutes, turning the scones when half cooked. Time, ½ hour.

Those who have a girdle will of course bake scones on this: a good substitute is made by heating the iron drawer of the oven, which must be very clean, and flouring it before the scones are placed on it.

Expenses for Supper and Breakfast.

Bacon, 3½d.; potatoes and onion, 2½d.; eggs, 4d.; milk, 8d.; flour, 2d.; fat, 3d.; salt, etc., ½d.; bread, 6d.; rennet, ½d.; sugar, ½d.; butter, 5½d. Total, 3s.

Average, 6d. each for six persons. I. L. Richmond.



THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

I felt so tired, so weary of earth's perplexing strife,
That I wondered, was it worth it? this busy, hurried life,
With its constant round of duties, which seemed hardly to be done
Before another morning with another round begun.
And some were so distasteful, and some so mean and small,
It seemed as though their doing would not signify at all.
No time for meditation, and but little time for prayer;
No time to seek my closet and refresh my spirit there.
I thought of busy Martha, who, with over-anxious heart,
Implored the blessed Master that her sister might take part;
And I pondered on His answer, I could not see it quite,
But yet, since Jesus said it, most surely it was right.
I felt to be like Mary must be so passing sweet,
To leave all toil and trouble, and just sit at Jesus' feet.
Then, even as I wondered, I told the Lord my care,
And soon to ease my burden came an answer to my prayer;
For my little four years' darling ran home from school one day,
And he told me of his lessons in his happy, childish way;
Then he showed his book so proudly as, in triumphant glee,
He cried, "Mamma, I've learned it; I can say my A. B. C."
And I thought what patient plodding my little one had done,
Each day his task repeating until success was won.
Then I knew those irksome duties which my Lord required of me
Were just the simple learning of the heavenly "A. B. C."
And since 'tis He ordains it, I will seek for grace to be
Content to learn my lesson till I know it perfectly.
Nor ever grow impatient though distasteful be my task,
Assured my heavenly Teacher can supply the strength I ask.

A. B. S.